

BURLINGTON FREE PRESS, FRIDAY AUGUST 12, 1853.

SONG.

CHARLES KINGSTON,
"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee;"
The Western wind was wild and dark w' foam
And all alone went she.
The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"O it is wet, or fish, or floating hair,
A mass of golden hair,
O' drown'd maiden's hair,
About the nets at sea."
Was never seen yet such down so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her across the rolling foam,
The wind brought her home.
Her grave beside her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."

The Wedding: GR.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY, Dec. 10th 1829.
To John D. Willard, Esq.

DEAR COUSIN:—Hearewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear cousin, that my friendship for you is warm as the material, active as the finger-work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider this present no pseudonym appropriate to the occasion of your marriage. You will remember, my dearest, that here are two individuals united in one cause, who are to walk side by side, giving ligatures of wisdom, and giving comfort as long as they live. The thread of their existence is identical, and that is the thread of life. In these threads, however, the white is made to predominate; expressing my desire and confidence that this will be with the color of your lives. No black is given, for I believe that your lives will be wholly free from the black misfortunes of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color laid is blue, which is excellent when we do make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise in my mind in regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive intercourses, as with the poet—

"The iron dogs, that have feather'd home,
The fife, wood, jugs, and the under,
Dowd by righteousness preache."

But to the subject—you will perceive that the tops of these stockings (by which I suppose yourself to be represented) are green, and by means of *seams* are drawn to a pocket; and afterwards—since a time when the whole is made plain, and so continuous as the end and beginning of one—By this I wish you to take occasion to congratulate yourself that you are now through with wedlock, and are come to plain sailing.

Again, as the whole of these costly stockings was not made once, but by the addition of one stitch after another, put in with skill and dexterity until the whole presents the full and equal power of work which you see, so little need be said. By this I wish you to take occasion to congratulate yourself that you are now through with wedlock, and are come to plain sailing.

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Yours, from top to toe,
EMMA WILLIARD.

Story of LAMARTINE.—In the tribe of Anglos, there was a singer, whose name was spread far and near, and a Bohemian of another tribe by the name of H. Having suffered greatly by his enemies and his whole wealth, he had a length upon the following device: "He which hoped at length to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. This equipped he went to wait for Nader, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Nader approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a wretched voice: 'I am a poor stranger; for three days have I been unable to move from this spot out of fear; I am dying, help me and heaven will reward you.' The Bohemian kindly offered to tie him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied: 'I am not rich; I have no strength left.' Nader, touched with pity, dismounted, let his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But his master did Dader feel him if in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling after him: 'It is I, Dader; I have got the horse and am off with it.' Nader called after him: 'Stop and pray.' Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and hurried as a sheet unrolled from Nader who was armed with a spear. 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter; 'Stop; he is mine.' Dader was silent for a moment, then sprang from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Nader made him accompany him to his tent where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

THE VAGARIES OF TABLE MOVING.—A company of the *Musical Master*, in describing some experiments, says:—The table being put in rapid motion, a Bible, folded in paper, was placed upon it, when the table stopped instantly, and could not be induced to go again so long as the precious volume remained upon it. The Bible was removed, and a copy of *Rouen's Pilgrim's Progress* placed in its stead when the table revolved as before. A Prayer Book was tried with the like results, and the whole service of the Church of England failed to arrest its rotary motion.—Whilst it was still revolving with considerable velocity, it was treated with considerable velocity, but with unvarying result. After repeating these experiments several times, one of the party suggested that the Bible should be unfolded and opened, to try if any portions of it would stop the table. "It was done;—when lo! and behold! what had been believed to be the Bible proved to be a copy of *Gulliver's Travels*. Fancy the consternation of the operators at this discovery, (the book only being known to one of the party.) I may add the experiment was again tried, but Gulliver exposed his book!"

Punch says:—"Men in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over, they should be taken off."

When Seward, a notorious wag of Boston, was expiring, a servant entered and informed the attending physician that a man had fallen down the well. The dying man overheard the servant, and inquired with a scarcely audible whisper, "I say, doctor, did he kick the bucket?"

ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—MICHIGAN AND MISSOURI RAILROAD.—The Milwaukee Sentinel states that the contract for the completion of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, has been taken by Mr. A. L. Catlin, of Burlington, Vt. This road, when completed, will unite the waters of Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. The contract is taken for \$25,000 per mile, and is to be finished in Prairie du Chien by the 1st of January, 1855.

—"I see you are in black. Are you in mourning for a friend?" was proposed by one friend to another, the proposer, "No—I am in mourning for my sins." "Ah! I never heard that you had lost any," was the keen reply.

—How rapidly they build houses now; said Cornelius to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a neat, two-story house, "you commenced that house only last week, and they are already putting in the lights."

—"Yes," rejoined his friend, "and next week they will put in the fire."

—The great race between a night-mare and a clothes-horse, came off yesterday.—The man who entered the mare was not wide awake—so the horse took the prize.

—The holly which was nearly killed by the violent discharge of his duty is slowly recovering.

—THE LAST SHANGHAI STORY.—The editor of the *Daylight's Intelligencer* has been presented with an egg which is entirely covered with Chinese characters. The characters are plainly visible when the shell is held up to the light, like the water-mark in writing paper.

—THE DETROIT TRIBUNE says: We learn from a correspondent at the North American Copper Mine, Lake Superior County, a piece of mass copper has been found "lying round" in that region detached from the rock and ready for cutting, the weight of which is estimated at one hundred and fifty tons. At the present market value of copper, this mass is worth over one hundred thousand dollars.

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—TICKETS for Troy, Albany, New York, Schenectady, Utica, and All Points on Lake Ontario, Oswego, Seneca, and Oneida Lakes, via Coughnawaga, leave Burlington at 7:30 A. M., after the arrival of Montreal Cars, via Coughnawaga, leave Burlington at 9:30 and leave at 10 P. M., after the arrival of Montreal Cars, via Coughnawaga, also from Montreal, arriving at Troy at 11:30 A. M., via Express Train and Stage Coach, via Hudson River Railroad at 12 M., or boats on the Hudson River same afternoon, passing through Saratoga, Schenectady, 6:45 A. M., and Buffalo 6:30 P. M.

—RELEASING THRU TRAIN.—

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